THE CAMPBELLS AND THE CLIFTONS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

(Continued from page 266.)

Our limits will not allow us to follow minutely Edward's career. It will be sufficient to say that he found his uncle quite as "odd" a person as he had any reason to expect, and that the task of pleasing him did not appear by any means an easy one. However, with patience, good humor, and unfaltering perseverance, his task became light; and, as his character developed itself, Edward no longer felt these asperities. Either he grew accustomed to them, or they became softened down. Edward believed the latter to be the case, for he soon learned to regard the singular old man with a sincere affection, and to treat him with a frank confidence which must have often made him secretly smile. Edward had about him that feminine craving for affection, which may have been partly traceable to his peculiar education by a woman of great tenderness of nature. Certain it is, he never drew near to any one whom he liked and respected, without exhibiting this trait in his character. On his arrival in New Orleans, his uncle, who was an extensive shipping merchant, placed him in a desirable situation in his counting-house, with a handsome salary. Mr. Fairly was a close observer of character, and he watched his nephew narrowly for many months. When he discovered that half the money which he had sent to Edward in Philadelphia had been left behind with his step-mother, and that monthly more than half his pay was received in a draft on Philadelphia for the use of that mother, he, without comment, doubled his salary. At the expiration of two years, with an open expression of satisfaction at Edward's conduct while with him, he elevated him to one of the highest posts in his establishment, with an income so munificent as to enable him to provide for his mother as he wished. Edward's exultation may be well conceived at this early accomplishment of some of his brightest visions, and, during the visit to Philadelphia which quickly followed, he made every arrangement for placing his mother in a small but comfortable house of her own.

It was during this visit, in the summer previous to the opening of our tale, that the domestic affliction which Mrs. John Campbell had alluded to, in her conversation with her sister-in-law, occurred. Arthur Campbell, the twin brother of Elinor, had always been a peculiar child. His constitution, much less vigorous than his sister's, inclined him to inactivity, and a shy, reserved disposition rendered him far less attractive. Too indolent to study, he was nevertheless devoted to books, provided he could get them of the sort he preferred; and all his leisure hours, and many a stolen one, were devoted to the wild legends, volumes of poetry, and romantic tales that he loved best. Elinor, whose love for him was absorbing, was his friend, playfellow, and confidante. They were inseparable, and, during the summer, when in the country, they wandered together during a great part of every day, sitting in shady nooks, reading fairy tales, endless ballads, or, better than all, Crusoe's enchanting story, and shaping out, with all the extravagance of childish imaginations, adventures strange and wild for themselves. The boy, unknown to himself, to others was a poet; he lived in a poet's world, and it was through the force of this one strong pervading quality that he led the far better balanced mind and more vigorous intellect of his sister. She was spell-bound through her imagination, through her engrossing love for him, and drank from his mind with a blind thirst. Her girlish amusements and employments were distasteful, because he could not share them, and the rougher plays and boyish pursuits which he indulged in, became hers. Mrs. Campbell's authority was interposed to prevent this tendency to masculine habits in her daughter; but the boy's health was delicate, and the children too ardently attached to render it possible for her entirely to neutralize her son's influence. Thus they grew together till nearly the age of fourteen, leaning upon and loving each other with an ardor and enthusiasm common to both their natures.

One fine summer morning, to her great regret, Nora was called upon to accompany her mother and Mrs. Clifton to town, and Arthur was obliged to amuse himself alone. On their return, at dinner time, inquiry was made for Arthur, but he was not to be found. Dinner was served and eaten, and still he came not. As such deviations from established rules were not permitted, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell became extremely uneasy. Messengers were sent in all directions to the neighboring residences; but no tidings could be heard of him. That some accident had befallen him became now the universal feeling, and servants and laborers were sent out to search for him. Elinor's anxiety was distressing to witness. She begged, entreated, and prayed her mother to suffer her to go seek for her brother.

She knew his haunts better than any one, she said. She pleaded in vain, till Edward Clifton, seeing and pitying the agony her apprehensions made her endure, added his persuasions to hers, and offered to accompany her. Mrs. Campbell finally consented, and, led by the little girl, he followed her rapid steps as she led the way to a neighboring creek which ran, shallow and noisy, through piles of broken rock that lay in huge masses for several miles along its shore, shaded from the towering banks above by overhanging trees, which threw their dark shadows over the glancing waters. Elinor sped on, climbing the rugged pathway, searching in many a hidden nook and concealed hiding-place, which her knowledge of her brother's favorite haunts led her to, occasionally pausing to call upon his name in loud and frantic accents.

What is that? Is it a sound she hears? Her arms are suddenly flung up in the air, and she darts with the fleetness of the wind round a point of rock. Edward Clifton, who hears no sound, follows her. He scrambles over the broken and uneven rocks; he flings himself down an abrupt declivity, and beholds, in a little green dell at the bottom, Elinor kneeling upon the grass, supporting the head of her brother. The boy's countenance was deadly pale, but his eyes were open and fixed upon his sister's face; a stream of blood was welling from his side, and near him lay a fowling-piece, the silent exponent of the scene. Clifton immediately stanched the flowing blood with one of Nora's muslin skirts, with which she promptly supplied him, and, raising the boy in his arms, proceeded to carry him home, Nora leading the way by a less rugged path. Arthur was again senseless, and happily suffered little in the conveyance.

The shock which their arrival produced may be conceived. Physicians were summoned, and everything that skill and affection could suggest was done, but in vain; the boy's constitution was not strong enough to enable him to rally, and death released him in a few days. His senses were restored, however, and his mind was clear and calm, fully comprehending the great change which was about to take place. He explained how his wound had been received. Some neighboring boys having laughed at him for his ignorance of firearms, he had taken his father's gun, during the absence of the family, to a sequestered spot, to practice, and the result we have seen.

The sorrow which this painful event occasioned in the Campbell family was increased greatly by the distressing effects which it produced upon Nora. While her brother lived, it was scarcely possible to tear her from his side. She would not believe that he must die, and, when death came, her frantic grief terminated in a brain fever which, for many weeks, held her on the verge of the grave. When strength and health again slowly returned to her, her whole nature seemed changed. Hitherto wild, heedless, and brave as a boy, with all his insensibility to danger, she had become a timid, shrinking girl. Half-forced smiles, a slow and languid step, and low dejected tones had succeeded to the active movement, the merry laugh, the noisy sports, and independent habits in which she had formerly indulged. She shunned all her former haunts. She never spoke of her brother, but clung to her mother with a close and desperate earnestness, that, while it showed the state of nervous helplessness to which grief and illness had reduced her, proved also the depths of that love so rudely torn asunder, and now thrown back with sudden shock upon herself. Unresisting and meekly patient, she yielded herself to the guiding hand of her mother, and Mrs. Campbell turned from the sorrow which, she doubted not, had been sent to her in mercy, to rejoice in fear and trembling over the treasure which God had restored to her.

Mrs. Clifton, during these trials, had been a great support to Mrs. Campbell. Her unaffected piety and practical good sense rendered her an invaluable assistant in scenes of sickness and sorrow. Edward, too, though obliged to return to New Orleans before Elinor was pronounced out of danger, had been a great comfort to the afflicted family. Arthur had always been strongly attached to him. He was never satisfied, after his accident, unless Edward was near his bed, and, during the few days that his life was prolonged, Edward sat up a part of every night with him. His last audible words were addressed to him: "You will take my place, Edward, and be a brother to Nora if she should need it," he said, gazing upon his sister, who, in silent agony, leaned over him, her eyes fastened upon his face, around which the blue shades of death were already beginning to gather.

Edward, deeply moved, assented, and, bending down, he kissed both the children in silent token of his pledge.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell returned to town this autumn at an unusually early period, partly for the purpose of removing Nora from the scene of their recent sorrows, and partly out of consideration for Mrs. Clifton, whose own house was prepared for her to go into, and who would not leave her kind friends in the solitude of the country to their sad feelings.

As time passed on, Mrs. Frederic Campbell's hopes with regard to her daughter were fully confirmed. Emily grew up a beautiful girl, and Madame Foulard succeeded in her efforts to make her an accomplished woman, far beyond her expectations. Emily had naturally a good temper, and circumstances all conspired to keep it so. The plain, poor, and neglected are those whose natures are hardened, and whose tempers become embittered, by want of appreciation and by the cold sneers of indifference. Emily had everything in the world to make her satisfied with herself and others—beauty, wealth,

station, and influence. She was the idol of her school-fellows, and a general favorite with her teachers. Careless of money, and lavish to all around, she reaped a harvest of adulation and love, for to the youthful mind there is no quality so dazzling as that of a free and generous nature. Her will was the law; no one opposed her, for no one had the inclination to do so.

When Emily approached the age of eighteen, her mother found it impossible to keep her any longer at Madame Foulard's. She was too impatient to taste the pleasures of that "society" for which she had been educated, and Mrs. Frederic consented to her leaving school; and, when she returned home, it is on record that no less than thirty-four daguerreotypes of her charming face were added to the private property of Madame Foulard's pupils.

The school days of Elinor, if less brilliant than those of her cousin, were equally satisfactory to her mother. Mrs. Osborne, though she did not wholly repudiate "polkas," considered "parsing" of more consequence, and, in her school, Paris was looked upon more in a historical point of view, as the capital of a great nation and the theatre of strange events, than as the place where the *Magazin des Modes* was issued, and whence "loves of bonnets" came. For the rest, Elinor's accomplishments were thoroughly acquired; her French and music would not have disgraced Madame Foulard's establishment. She drew well, and sang with a taste and feeling that touched the heart even more than it gratified the scientific ear.

Elinor's impetuosity and gay buoyant spirits had never returned after her brother's death. Time did its work in softening her grief and reconciling her to her loss, but the shadow which it had cast over her lingered with her still, giving to her manner a quietude and reserve which some called pride. But Elinor was not proud, according to the term as applied to her. If she wanted sympathy with her companions, it was because, like all those who have personally experienced moral convulsions, she was older than her years. The same strong feeling, the same deep but earnest enthusiasm that marked her earlier days, still belonged to her, though concealed beneath the subdued demeanor of a disciplined character. Elinor, as a child, gave but little promise of beauty; her eyes were large, changeful, and expressive, and her hair and teeth were fine; otherwise, her features were harsh. As she approached womanhood, however, her countenance grew more and more harmonious, as if the inward graces of her mind had moulded the lineaments which gave it expression. Finely formed, and above the middle height, Elinor possessed one of those springy, lithe, and active figures, such as it would be natural that her early unrestrained habits should have developed. No one ever thought of suggesting comparisons between the two cousins; but few ever turned from her to gaze upon the brilliant face and fairy-like little form of Emily, without being unconsciously impressed by her.

Elinor, who was more than a year younger than her cousin, remained a pupil of Mrs. Osborne's, while Emily made her first appearance in society. Mrs. Frederic consoled herself for the misfortune of having a grown-up daughter, by the *éclat* which Emily's *début* caused. Several persons told her, to be sure, that she and Emily looked like sisters, and she believed them! This, perhaps, helped to support her under the trial.

Emily's little head preserved a wonderful degree of steadiness amid all the whirl, excitement, and flattery of her first winter. She had had a pretty good seasoning at Madame Foulard's, however, and it was not easy to overwhelm the original of thirty-four daguerreotypes! At the end of the season, everybody acknowledged that Emily was a sweet girl. And so she was, for, though she had never had a drop to embitter her cup through life, we all know that there are people whom no blessing, no degree of prosperity, *can* sweeten! But Emily was sweet and pleasant to all. Unlike that unfortunate "miller who lived upon the Dee," she cared for everybody, for everybody cared for her.

Emily's dulcet character ran some risk of deserting her, however, the following summer, when she found that her father had purchased a neat country house, close to Clover Hill, the seat of her uncle, instead of taking them to a watering-place, as had been his custom. The opportune announcement of the expected arrival of Edward Clifton alone enabled her to bear the disappointment with some degree of fortitude. She remembered the admiration of her which he had exhibited two years before, on his former visit, when she was but a half-grown girl, and she thought how pleasant it would be to have such a tall handsome fellow as Edward to flirt with and make miserable during the summer. "I shall make mamma invite Mrs. Clifton to spend the summer with us, instead of with Uncle John, and then I can have him all to myself." Such were the pleasant thoughts that ran through Emily's little head!

Edward Clifton, during his residence with his uncle, had elevated himself so much in his opinion, and won so much of his regard, that Mr. Fairly signified his intention of taking him as a partner in his business—a step which insured to Edward ultimately, if no untoward events occurred, the possession of a handsome fortune. Those who speculated upon such matters decided that Edward must be his uncle's heir; but Edward himself, with a singleness of mind that was one of his peculiar characteristics, never even thought of such a contingency, and labored in his vocation as one who not only had vast returns to make for the generous kindness he had received, but as one whose future fortunes were dependent upon his daily efforts. Mr. Fairly was too observant a man not to have weighed thoroughly his nephew's character; and the confidence which he

placed in him proved the high opinion which he had of him.

Edward Clifton arrived, and Mrs. Frederic, having signified to Mrs. Clifton the injustice she would be doing them if she always preferred Mrs. John Campbell's house to theirs, left the old lady no alternative but to accept her invitation to pass the summer with them in the country, which invitation of course included Edward.

This arrangement was more satisfactory to Mrs. Frederic than to Mrs. Clifton, who would have preferred her accustomed plan of passing the hot months at the younger brother's. She was warmly attached to Mrs. John, in whom she had found a congenial friend in her hour of sore trial; but she owed too many obligations to the Campbell families to wish to appear ungracious in refusing an invitation urged in such a shape, and she went, after enjoying Edward's society alone for a few days in town.

Emily's feminine instincts had not misled her when she decided that Edward Clifton admired her. He did, and, when he again saw her, he thought her the most perfect vision of beauty that had ever crossed his path. Edward was not what is called a susceptible young man, but his refinement of mind gave him an intense appreciation of beauty, and Emily had no reason to complain of his want of admiration of her.

Satisfied that he was not a man to fall in love with mere beauty of person alone, that he had other tastes to gratify than those of the eye, and that there were other and more important requirements necessary to make up his ideal of womanly perfection, Edward set to work to scan Emily's character after his imagination and senses were dazzled. With what success may be imagined. Amability and an affectionate loving nature were two indispensables in woman, according to his opinion, and these he perceived Emily possessed in a high degree. The "sweetness" for which she had always been so distinguished never shone with greater lustre than it did just now. She was in her happiest mood, and her numerous friends who visited them during the summer bore testimony to this acknowledged trait.

Edward sank deeper and deeper into love's meshes as he continued this pleasant inquisition, till finally he concluded that, as marriage was a thing he had looked forward to when he could afford it, the time was perhaps now come when he should make an effort to secure his future happiness. "If I can only be so fortunate as to gain such a prize, an engagement for two or three years, till I can see my way clear before me, will not be unreasonable; and think how pleasant it will be to have the dear girl loving me, and thinking of me all the while I am away!"

Edward thought so much on this subject that it was not long before he imparted it to Emily, who, to tell the truth, was surprised and considerably agitated as he poured out his confession, and told of his dreams and plans. Emily did not conceal her regard from him, but told him "she was frightened, very much frightened," and begged him not to "talk about it any more." But Edward was obstinate, and returned to the subject again and again.

"Why is it, Emily," he asked, upon one occasion, "if you love me, as you say you do, that you will not suffer me to speak to your parents, and ask their approval. I do not feel that I am acting honorably in thus secretly appropriating their daughter's affections, and this too while living under their very roof."

"If papa and mamma knew it," half sobbed Emily, "every one would know it, and I could never bear to go into society if everybody knew I was engaged. It is very unpleasant; you don't know how unpleasant it is for a girl to be going out when her"———

"Lover," suggested Edward.

"When the gentleman to whom she is engaged is absent."

"Well, Emily, I do not pretend to understand these feminine niceties; but it appears to me, if I was a woman, I should not object to the whole world's knowing I was engaged, provided I was not ashamed of the man."

"And I am very much ashamed of you, you know," returned Emily, looking up caressingly into his face. "Is that the idea, Edward?"

"No, Emily, I have not humility enough for that apprehension. But tell me, what am I to do about my own mother? I must tell her."

"Oh, dear, dear Edward, it would never do to tell Mrs. Clifton! She would inform papa of it directly. I can never consent to that!"

"But I have never kept a secret of my own from her in my life, Emily; and I am sure she already suspects that I love you."

"Tell her you love me as much as you please, Edward dear; but do not tell her I know it, I entreat."

And thus it was that Edward Clifton, who had never concealed a thought from his mother, consented to keep her in ignorance of the most important event of his life. Afraid to enter upon the subject for fear of saying too much, he seldom spoke to her of Emily, contenting himself with giving her to understand that, if he could "bend circumstances to his will," could feel free to do as he wished, &c. &c., he should not return to New Orleans without deciding a matter all important to his happiness.

At this revelation, Mrs. Clifton did not exhibit her usual eager interest in all that concerned Edward, but, on the contrary, looked very grave and unsympathizing.

"Why do you listen so coldly, dear mother?" he asked, noting this change. "You like Emily. You told me, the other day, that you thought her a very sweet girl. What fault do you find with her?"

"I do not wish to find any fault, dear Edward,"

sighed Mrs. Clifton. "On a point so important, you must suit yourself. It was, perhaps, a feeling of disappointment that made me unintentionally look so grave."

"Disappointment! how came you to feel disappointment? Tell me what it is you mean, dear mother."

"Oh! nothing, my dear boy," said Mrs. Clifton, a little nervously. "Only, some how, I had unconsciously fixed upon some one else as your wife, and that gave me the feeling of disappointment."

"You dear artful old soul," said Edward, playfully putting his arms round her, and kissing her cheek, "who would have dreamed of your turning match-maker, or thinking of such matters at all! Pray, who is the damsel whose hand you intended I should appropriate?"

But Mrs. Clifton shook her head, and would say no more.

Edward's devotion to Emily was too undisguised to escape observation; yet, in her own family, no notice was taken of it. Mr. Campbell was a kind, easy-tempered man, who never interfered with his wife in the management of his children, and Mrs. Campbell appeared to look upon such attentions as her daughter's due. Mrs. John privately communicated to her husband her suspicion as to what was going on, and Mr. John thought it would be "a very good match." Mrs. Clifton did not speak to any one on the subject, and Nora preserved an equally profound silence.

Emily and her cousin, though their intercourse was constant and familiar, were not what girls call "intimate." They did not tell their secrets to each other; there were no mysterious allusions going on between them about things which they, as the initiated, only could understand. No *tête-à-tête* confidences, or note-paper explanations. Emily, truth to tell, looked upon Nora very much as an "inexperienced chit," whose old-fashioned notions would render any effort to enlighten her hopeless. While Nora, who perceived the true state of the case, settled it with herself at once, by saying, "Emily and I have no sympathy with each other." Nevertheless, they were very good friends. They lent each other patterns, worked, talked, rode, and practiced together, passing much of their time in each other's society; but their inner lives rolled on in separate and hidden currents.

The intercourse between Mrs. Clifton and Nora, notwithstanding the difference of age, was much more justly entitled to the term of friendship. Congeniality of tastes, temper, and pursuits knit them closely together; and, next to Edward, Nora was the dearest object in life to her. Confiding in her as she did, it would have been most natural that Mrs. Clifton should speak of the state of things evidently existing between Edward and Emily; but, independently of the complicated state of her feelings on the subject, there was another reason which imposed silence upon her. Mrs. Clifton, from long habit, had yielded to a reserve which Nora had exhibited relative to Edward ever since the death of her brother. For a long time after that sad event, she could never hear his name mentioned, closely connected with it as it was, without agitation and tears, and, as all around her were sensible of the sacredness with which she guarded the memories of that painful period of her life, her sensitiveness was always carefully respected. When time had softened the poignancy of her feelings, she was able to speak of Edward with calmness, and meet him without emotion; but her shyness never entirely disappeared. She listened with kindly sympathy to the outpourings of Mrs. Clifton's grateful love and pride in her "dear boy," and was an attentive auditor to most of those "delightful letters" which Mrs. Clifton pored over as the miser does over his treasures; but she never led the conversation to him herself, and spoke of him only when necessary as one in whom her friend was interested.

In any other person, this apparent want of interest in one so loved would have been offensive to Mrs. Clifton; but she was satisfied, though Nora had never expressed it, that she had as high an appreciation of Edward's excellent qualities as she had herself, and she felt only sympathy for that sensitiveness which made her shrink from the painful past and all associated with it, hoping ever that the cloud would one day be lifted, and that she would feel for Edward all that she desired.

With this picture of the state of feeling in the parties described, we might be content, did it not become our duty, as faithful historians, to probe somewhat beyond the mere surface of things. The death of her brother, and her consequent illness, had, it is true, left Elinor's nerves so unstrung that the effects lingered long; but, when health and strength returned, these morbid feelings disappeared, giving place to an interest blended so closely with those tender memories that, though she never sounded its depths, her consciousness of its existence rendered it impossible for her to shake off her early shyness and reserve with regard to him. We, whose province it is to analyze more strictly, can detect in those hidden depths the germ of feeling that, like hidden waters, required only a touch of the true diviner's rod to well forth in purity and strength.

The period allotted to Edward Clifton's visit drew rapidly to a close. He and Emily parted, their faith mutually pledged, but unrevealed to her parents. With his natural frankness, such a state of things could not have continued had he remained at Mr. Campbell's much longer. The only circumstance that reconciled him to acting thus contrary to his feelings and judgment was that his attentions to Emily had been too undisguised to be mistaken, and, no objection having been made by her parents, he had every right to infer that they were not con-

trary to their wishes. "In another year," he said, "I will ask her father's consent; I shall then perhaps be able to fix a time for our marriage, and it would be cruel in me not to yield to the dear girl's wishes. She is young, light-hearted, and gay; and I must not be selfish. I shall meet with no repulse from Mr. Campbell; let her enjoy society now as fully as she can. One day, I shall want her all to myself."

The winter following was one of great gayety. Elinor "came out," and accompanied her cousin into society, where, if she did not occupy so prominent a position as Emily, her success was such as more than satisfied her modest appreciation of herself. Many an eye turned from the brilliant beauty of Emily to dwell upon the graceful girl, whose refined exterior and expressive countenance seemed to typify her mind.

Emily would not suffer Edward to write often to her, for fear of exciting "suspicion," and her own letters were not frequent. The spring was far advanced when she received a letter from him informing her that, instead of visiting Philadelphia the coming summer, as he had hoped, he would be obliged to sail immediately for Marseilles, to settle some important affairs connected with their "house," and urged upon her the propriety of informing her parents of their engagement. To which request Emily gave no heed.

The course of our history now obliges us to follow Edward Clifton to the distant lands in which he had become a wanderer. The business which called him to Marseilles was not accomplished till late in the autumn; and, being desirous of making a short run into Italy before his return home, he accepted the invitation of an old friend, who was a lieutenant on board an American man-of-war which had touched at Marseilles, to join their mess as a guest, as far as Genoa, to which port they were bound. Lieutenant Selby had numerous questions to ask of Edward about persons and things at home, for his ship had been absent three years, and he was thirsting for news. He was a Philadelphian, and his questions principally regarded the people of that town.

"Can you tell me anything about the Campbells?" he asked. "I don't know them myself, but one of our lieutenants is engaged to Miss Campbell, and we hear a monstrous deal about her. Is the father as rich as he is reported to be? He is one of the firm of Frederic and John Campbell."

"Engaged!" exclaimed Edward, coloring. "Impossible!"

"Not at all, my dear fellow; the engagement must have taken place after you left there. Indeed, it was late last spring, for he only joined us this summer. His name is Harvey. 'Handsome Harvey' he is called in the navy. He is a great lady-killer, and has an eye to the money-bags."

With some confusion, Edward remembered that Emily was not the only Miss Campbell; that Elinor must be now "out," and the lady referred to.

"What is her name?" asked Edward. "Is it Elinor?"

"Yes, that is the name," replied Selby; "Elinor, a very sweet name, and a very sweet-looking girl she is, too. I have seen her miniature often. Harvey is very good natured," continued Selby, in a tone of careless irony; "he imparts his happiness freely. I have seen her letters too, very affectionate effusions!"

Edward Clifton's eyes flashed as he listened to these remarks. That any member of a family whom he respected so highly, and to whom he was knit by so many ties, should be thus spoken of, filled him with indignation; and, when he pictured to himself Elinor's modesty and refinement, and beheld her thus subjected to the free remarks of a ward-room mess-table, her picture and letters offered to the coarse jests of men who could not be expected to respect the delicacy of a woman whose lover thus exposed her, he felt eager to meet and call to account the man who could so far forget what was due to a woman whose innocent and unsuspecting mind, he doubted not, had led her to rely implicitly upon her lover's honor. At the same time, it was with a pang of deep regret that Edward felt himself obliged to yield to the conviction that Elinor, whose dignity of mind and high qualities he had always admired, had placed her affections upon one so unworthy of her.

Edward's desire to meet with Mr. Harvey was not gratified. That gentleman had decided to join the ship at Leghorn, his leave of absence having not yet expired, and Edward departed upon his travels with his wish ungratified. Mr. Fairly's request that he would see all he desired in Europe, while there, prolonged his stay several months later than he intended, and it was not until late in the following spring that he returned to the United States.

Meanwhile, disasters of a most distressing nature had overtaken the Campbell family. A commercial crisis had completely wrecked their fortunes. They failed. A mere pittance was saved from the ruin of their fortunes, and they were left, advanced in years, to begin the world anew. Houses, furniture, and plate, pictures, carriages, and horses, all fell under the hammer, and the brothers were obliged to retire to their country houses, the sole remains of all their vast possessions, and live in the most restricted manner.

The good sense and prudence exhibited in Mrs. John Campbell's method of education were now apparent. Elinor was able not only to assist her mother in educating her little brothers, but she was qualified to undertake many household duties which, with their establishment now reduced to one servant, she must perform herself, or submit to see left undone—duties which, if neglected, would render their

home one of discomfort and discontent, and subject her parents to a thousand privations. With cheerful alacrity, she gave herself up to her new mode of life. She arose betimes, went through her household occupations with an activity that imparted itself to their "maid of all work," and found time, after all her duties were performed, to keep up her studies and accomplishments. All who knew her marveled at the change which had come over her. It seemed as if in her heart some secret well of happiness was overflowing, brightening her eye, lending smiles to her lip, and lightness to her step. No one, to look upon that cheerful sunny home, would have believed in the entire revolution which had so recently taken place in the circumstances and mode of life of the occupants. Elinor's satisfaction in the result of her active duties was increased tenfold by the grateful praises of her parents, whose pride in her had never been so great. The pillow which she smoothed for her mother was softer to her than down; and the pie which she baked, and the bread which she made, were sweeter to her father than any he had ever eaten before. It was a pretty sight to see Elinor occupied with her domestic duties, and with the innate elevation of her mind dignifying even the meanest household offices.

From this picture, we must turn to one wholly different in all its features. Mrs. Frederic Campbell and Emily were paralyzed by the reverses which had overtaken them. They were unable to accommodate themselves to their altered circumstances, or to turn with healthful minds to the blessings still left to them. To increase their many comforts by their own exertions, to exert themselves for the happiness of each other, never occurred to them as a duty they were called upon to perform. To dwell upon the past, and repine at their lot, was all that occupied them.

Elinor's example, and its happy results, had no effect on Emily; both she and her mother had unconsciously cherished an idea that they were very different people from Mrs. John and Elinor, which idea, put into words, would indicate that they believed themselves formed of a "finer porcelaine of human clay," incapable of being subjected to mean uses. The training of both had, in fact, been so devoid of moral discipline and practical lessons, that they were incapable of understanding what was their duty even when it was pointed out to them. The consequences of such a course may well be conceived; habits of luxury were to be reconciled with narrow means, and indulgences were yielded to that wealth alone could warrant. It was in vain that old Nanny Foster exerted herself with tenfold energy to stop every gap. She labored unceasingly, compensating herself the while by incessant grumbling; but it was all in vain. One servant could not do the work of six, and where no one stretched forth a hand to aid, and all required services, it was impossible that anything like domestic comfort could prevail. No servant staid long with them; neatness, cheerfulness, and content were unknown; and, when Mr. Campbell returned at night from the harassing cares of business, he came to a neglected hearth, a littered room, a repining wife, and a listless daughter, who scarcely thought it worth her while to rise from the sofa on which she was lounging to welcome him home, much less to minister to his comfort, or make his home more lively. The only bright things about the house were the children, and they, though neglected and suffered to run wild, were their father's chief comfort. Society was of course quite out of the question with the Campbells now. Economy and seclusion must be their lot for years to come. To Emily, however, it was "the breath of life;" and the only thing that supported her under her reverses was the hope of soon marrying and leaving her home, with its privations and dullness, to enter again into that world where beauty was admired and compliments paid.

Edward Clifton heard, on his arrival, with deep concern, the change which had taken place in the fortunes of his friends. In his first private interview with Emily, he told her that his uncle, to whom he had spoken of his wishes, had, in a recent letter, urged him to marry, making him the most liberal offers if he did so. "And now, Emily," he said, "as there is nothing to prevent our marrying, you must suffer me to speak to your parents, to tell them all." Emily, after musing a little while, signified her consent; and it was decided that, as soon as Mr. Campbell returned from Boston, where he had gone on business, the application should be made

(To be concluded.)

TO A GERANIUM LEAF.

PALE, withered leaf! this morning thou didst bloom
In all the freshness of thy native air;
To-night is wasted all thy sweet perfume,
And all thy greenness gone beyond repair!

Art thou an emblem of the gentle one
From whose dear hand I took thee, faded leaf?
Will all her loveliness so soon be gone,
And will her life of beauty be so brief?

Oh no! it must not be. There is a heart
That now is bathed in Hope's refreshing dews;
But all its gladness will at once depart,
When o'er her face shall steal Death's sickly hues.

True, she, like thou, must soon or later die;
Her form, like thine, must to the earth be given;
But thou shalt in the dust forever lie,
While she shall rise to live again in Heaven.

Not long on her shall rest the heavy clod—
Soon shall she burst the casement of the tomb;
And a sweet flower beside the throne of God,
In ever-during freshness there shall bloom.